VOCAL PARTS OF AN ENTERTAINMENT, CALLED *Apollo* and *Daphne*: Or, the BURGO-MASTER Trick'd.

As Perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL IN COVENT-GARDEN.

The Fifth EDITION, with Alterations and Additions.

GR. III PR. MUS.

LONDON:

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Vocal Characters.

VENUS,	Mrs. *Wright*,
DIANA,	Miſs. *Norſa.*
CUPID,	Miſs *Rogers.*
MORPHEUS,	Mr. *Leveridge.*
MYSTERY,	Mr. *Leguerre.*
SLUMBER,	Mr. *Salway.*
HUNTERS,	Mr. *Leveridge.* Mr. *Laguerre.* Mr. *Salway.*
BACCHUS,	Mr. *Salway.*
PAN,	Mr. *Leguerre.*
SILENUS,	Mr. *Leveridge.*

APOLLO and *DAPHNE.*

SCENE I.

A Magnificent Palace diſcover'd. VENUS *attended with* Graces *and* Pleaſures.

VENUS.

LET Him ſtill brave my Son and (Me,
Proud and diſdainful God!
Yét, *Phœbus*, ſhall thy ſtubborn (Heart be bow'd.
And Thou my Pow'r in my Reſentment feel.
DAPHNE has ſuch reſiſtleſs Charms,
That, gazing, He muſt love.-----

Tho' ev'ry healing Plant be thine,
They ſhall not cure thy Wound: Thoſe Arts,
Which aid the World, ſhall lend no Aid to
(Thee.

Vain were Graces,
Blooming Faces,
Beauty's Charms, or *Cupid's* Dart;

If a Lover
Could recover,
Or, at Pleaſure, guard his Heart.

With Speed, my faithful Foll'wers go,
A Place prepare, where mighty Love
His all-ſubduing Pow'rs may prove,
There Juices ſhed, their Flow'rets ſtrew;
Whoſe magick Force ſhall work th' Effect
T' avenge this wilful God's Neglect.

Inchant the Ground, and Love ſhall lead
His Steps in DAPHNE's Steps to tread.

[*Exeunt* VENUS *and her*
Graces, &c. *ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

The Stage darken'd with Clouds to repreſent the Night. MORPHEUS *deſcends in a black Robe, ſpangled with Stars, his Head crown'd with Poppies, and a Leaden Mace in his Hand.*

MORPHEUS.

NOW ſable-veſted Clouds o'erſpread
The darken'd Globe; now hazy Dews,
And humid Vapours ſoft diſtil,
Inviting to Repoſe.----

Enter MYSTERY *to him.*

Myſt.—————— Behold!
MYST'RY, thy faithful Slave, attends,
Wakeful alone to thy Commands:
And, ſee, the Partner of my Cares,
SLUMBER at hand thy ſecret Rites to aid.

Enter SLUMBER, *on the other Side.*

Slum. Soft!—— A dead Stillneſs o'er the (World prevails:
My Pow'rs diffus'd have ſtifled Sound.

Morph. 'Tis well;—— Together, wrapp'd (in Shade,
We'll tread the gloomy Waſte of Air.
Ocean forgets to ſwell his Waves;
The ruſtling Breath of Winds is huſh'd;
And Brooks ſcarce murmur as they glide.
Only the Midnight Screech-Owl's Voice,
And Howl of Wolves preſume to break
The ſolemn Silence of our Reign.
Ev'n Man, unquiet Man, 's at Reſt.

All three. { Mortals, whom anxious Paſſions ſway,
Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,
All their Relief from Night receive.

Slum.

Slum. In ſoothing Dreams they taſte the Joy,
Myſt. Which Day and waking Hours deſtroy :
Morph. 'Tis when they ſleep, alone they live.

All three.
Mortals whom anxious Paſſions ſway,
Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,
All their Relief from Night receive.

[*After the Air, they all Three aſcend. The Night diſappears, and leaves the Morning.*

SCENE III.

The Side of a Wood. Several Huntſmen enter, and perform the following

BALLAD.

HARK, hark, the chearful Horns are (ſounding,
From Hill to Hill, the Notes rebounding,
Call to the Chace, Come, come away.

I.

The ſweet roſy Morning
Peeps over the Hills,
With Bluſhes adorning
The Meadows and Fields.

CHORUS.

The merry, merry Horns
Call again, Come away,
Wake from your dull Slumbers
And hail the new Day.

The

II.

The Stag rouz'd before us
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry.

CHORUS.

Then follow, follow, follow,
The muſical Chace,
Where Pleaſure, and vig'rous
Health you embrace.

III.

The Day's Sport, when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Freſh Charms for the Night.

CHORUS.

Then let us enjoy
All we can, while we may;
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown the Day.

Another BALLAD.

I.

HARK, hark, the Huntſman ſounds his Horn;
A Call ſo muſical chides the Drone,
Ton, ton, &c.
The Clangor wakes the drouſy Morn,
The Woods re-echo the ſprightly Tone.
Ton, ton, &c.

II.

The loud-tongu'd Cry the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with Neighing ſalute the Dawn.
Ton, ton, &c.
We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then ſwift deſcending, we ſweep the Lawn.
Ton, ton, &c.

III.

The distant Stag our Accent hears,
Our Accent, fatal to him alone,
Ton, ton, &c.
He rouzing starts, and wing'd with Fears,
Forsakes the Thicket to seek the Down.
Ton, ton, &c.

IV.

Altho' *Diana* claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,
Ton, ton, &c.
The Groves to *Venus* let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive Son.
Ton, ton, &c.

V.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lass,
Thro' darksome Grotto's, with Moss o'ergrown.
Ton, ton, &c.
What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan.
Ton, ton, &c.

VI.

In various Sports the Day thus ſpent,
Fatigu'd with Pleaſures, when Night comes on,
Ton, ton, &c.
Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Heart's content,
With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown,
Ton, ton, &c.

SCENE IV.

A Bower magnificently adorn'd with all things proper for the Reception of Love; BACCHUS, PAN *and* SILENUS *assisting at the Festival, attended with* Satyrs, Fawns *and* Silvans, *with several Dancers, that represent different Parts of the World, who acknowledge Love's Power, and attend his Triumph.*

BACCHUS.

NAY, prithee, *Silenus*,

PAN.

——— Come back,—— be perſuaded,
Thy Carcaſs with Age, and Debauches, is jaded.

BACCHUS.

'Tis a Satire, to think—— that Figure can prove
A Grace to the delicate Triumphs of Love.

SILENUS.

Away—— you are Shrimps——and I ne'er yet
(cou'd hear
That to be undeſir'd—— was a Charm to the
(Fair;
The Damſels of Judgment, whenever they
(kiſs us,
Always chuſe an *Alcides* before a *Narciſſus*.

PAN.

But thoſe Damſels of Judgment, in rational
(counting,
That ſigh for a Hero, would fly from a Moun-
(tain

SILENUS.

No more—— *Silenus* ſtill ſhall prove
The faithful Votary to Love;
Here in full Force, young *Cupid* reigns,
And Pleaſure trickles thro' my Veins.

AIR

AIR.

See a Form and Mien inviting,
Ruddy Cheeks Deſire exciting;
Charms, in ſpight of Age, ſtill blooming;
Grace and Vigour unconſuming,
From theſe ſprightly Juices flow.
Virgins, you who think poſſeſſing
Real Pleaſure is a Bleſſing,
Scorn the whining,
Meager pining,
Self-admiring,
Still deſiring,
Unperforming pale-fac'd Beau.

A Grand Entry, in which FLORA *repreſents an Inconſtant, and is born away by* ZEPHYRUS.

SCENE V.

Enter VENUS, *follow'd by the* Graces *and* Pleaſures, DIANA *with* Dryads, *and other Foreſt Nymphs: They attend* CUPID, *who is brought in a Triumphant Chariot, drawn by* CUPIDS, *ſeated on the Enſigns of the Gods, as his Trophies.*

Ven. Am'rous Kiſſes,
Dian. Nuptial Bliſſes,
Both. Lovers Pleaſures,
Cupid's Treaſures,
Are the Sweets that Life improve.

Dian. Still to languiſh
Ven. With ſweet Anguiſh,
Softly ſighing,
Both. Murm'ring, dying,
Are th' immortal Gifts of Love.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Raiſe the Trophies, raiſe them high,
Mighty Love the Conqueſt gains;
Let, who dare's, his Pow'r defy,
Live unworthy of his Chains.

FINIS.

CHORUS.

FINIS.